# THOUGHTS

UPON THE

## *FOUR LAST THINGS:*

DEATH; } HEAVEN;
JUDGMENT; } HELL.

A

# POEM

In FOUR PARTS.

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PART II.

# JUDGMENT.

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*LONDON:*

Printed by *J. Wright*, for LAWTON GILLIVER at *Homer*'s *Head* againſt St. *Dunſtan*'s Church in *Fleet ſtreet*,
MDCCXXXIV. (Price One Shilling)

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# PART II.

# JUDGMENT.

O Thou Eternal! (Hallow'd, wond'rous Name!)
Whose fruitful Word gave Birth to Nature's Frame;
Our only Hope, yet our Consuming Fire;
Mighty to Save, yet Terrible in Ire:
Who can abide That great, That fearful Day,
When Thou, as Judge, Thy Glory shalt display?
When all Things in Confusion shall be hurl'd,
And Wreaths of Smoke involve the flaming World?
When from Thy red Right-hand *new* Lightnings fly;
And unfix'd Orbs rush clatt'ring thro' the Sky?
The Universal Mass, from Pole to Pole,
Burnt up, and shrivel'd, like a Parchment Scrole?
In vain for Help shall Then the Guilty call;
"Hide us, Ye Hills, Ye Mountains, on us fall:"
When with fierce fervent Heat, before ne'er felt,
Like Wax the Everlasting Hills shall melt:

At Thy dread Preſence; and the Mountains want,
Themſelves, That Refuge they are ask'd to grant.
Behold, He comes with Clouds; and ev'ry Eye
Shall ſee Him in reſplendent Majeſty:
Ev'n Thoſe who pierc'd his Hands, his Feet, and Side,
Shall ſee Him in triumphant Brightneſs ride,
On Wings of Cherubs, and the bounding Wind;
Black Clouds his Chariot, Storms in Harneſs join'd;
The Juſt prepar'd to meet Him in the Air,
And Conſcious Sinners ſhiv'ring with Deſpair.

O Of That great Day indeed, That Day, and Hour
Knows no Man; Not ev'n He, th' Almighty Pow'r,
The awful Judge Himſelf, as Son of Man;
(As God, He all things *knows*, and all things *can*:)
*When* it will come, in Darkneſs is conceal'd;
But come it *will*; That clearly is reveal'd.
Or were it not; That God, moſt juſt, and wiſe,
Will judge the World, crown Vertue, puniſh Vice,
Reward his Faithful, and confound the Proud,
Reaſon aſſerts, and Nature cries aloud.
Th' *eſſential Difference* 'twixt *Moral Good*,
And *Evil*, muſt by All be underſtood:
Who e'er was found ſo Savage, and ſo Brute,
As *Their* aſſur'd *Exiſtence* to diſpute?

What Man, unleſs of Reaſon quite bereft,
Can doubt that Murder, Fraud, Adult'ry, Theft,
To be unman'd by Drunkenneſs, and Luſt,
To be Profane, Oppreſſive, and Unjuſt,
*Are abſolutely Evil?* That to Theſe
The oppoſite, endearing Qualities,
Sweet Meekneſs, Charity, to have a Taſte
For Heav'n on Earth, to be Juſt, Pious, Chaſte,
Are *abſolutely Good?* This Senſe of Things
From Nature, and Eternal Reaſon ſprings:
'Tis mix'd, congenial, with the Minds of All;
'Tis *Univerſal*; therefore *Natural*;
Therefore *from God*; and therefore muſt be *True.*
And what can from This Good, and Ill enſue,
But Puniſhment to This, to That Reward?
Both therefore are by God, the Judge, prepar'd.
Reward to Vertue, Puniſhment aſſign'd
To Vice, can ev'n in Thought be ne'er disjoin'd.
No leſs does *Conſcience* This great Truth atteſt;
Conſcience, Heav'n's Delegate in ev'ry Breaſt:
By *Heav'n*, not *Prieſts*, and *Stateſmen*, planted There;
Since *Univerſal* is This Hope, and Fear;

Common to All, the Learned, and the Rude;
By the moſt Stupid to be underſtood;
By no Philoſophy to be ſubdued.
What then does Conſcience, but anticipate
A future Judgment, and a future State?
*Future*; For Conſcience frights us, or applauds,
Conſoles us, or with Stings, vindictive, goads;
For Actions which Ourſelves can only know,
When Nought is fear'd, or hop'd for, Here below.
That God of Man takes Providential Care,
From Prophecies, and Miracles is clear.
That ſuch have been, 'tis Frenzy to deny;
And makes all Hiſtory one ſtanding Lye.
Shall Heav'n then for Mankind have ſuch Regard;
And yet their Deeds nor Puniſh, nor Reward?
As Lawgiver He muſt: All Laws are vain,
Unleſs enforc'd with Pleaſure, and with Pain.
But 'tis experienc'd, if This World be All,
His Laws have no ſuch Guard: To ſtand, or fall,
To be moſt Proſperous, or moſt Diſtreſs'd,
Is common to the Worſt, and to the Beſt.
From hence 'tis prov'd We muſt to Judgment riſe;
Or God, in Legiſlature, is not Wiſe.

No, Thou reply'ſt: 'Tis fit Mankind ſhould *dread*
Vengeance impending o'er each guilty Head;
That Heav'n ſhould *threaten* — Not in fact *condemn* —
But wilt thou Thus preſumptuouſly blaſpheme,
That God can with a Falſhood guard his Law;
And Truth Itſelf ſpeak Lyes, to keep the World in awe?
How oft is Vertue in This Life decry'd;
While Vice and Villany Triumphant ride?
A Time will therefore come, when Vertue crown'd
Shall triumph, Juſtice Villany confound;
All things be ſet in their due, proper Light;
And the great Judge of all the World do Right.
It muſt be ſo then. God will judge Mankind;
The Dead ſhall riſe, the ſcatter'd Parts rejoin'd
In human Bodys; This fair Frame muſt burn,
And Earth's vaſt Globe to Smoke and Aſhes turn.
But firſt, with ſolemn Tragick Pomp, and State,
To introduce This laſt great Scene of Fate;
Dire, horrible Prognoſticks ſhall appear.
For more, perhaps, than one preceding Year,
(To God alone 'tis known how long Before,
Theſe Signs ſhall come; Enquire not, but Adore:)
Earthquakes in various Climates ſhall abound,
And Subterraneous Thunder rend the Ground.

The Earth, its Diſſolution to foreſhow,
Shall ſtagger, like a Drunkard, to and fro:
Cracking, and craſhing, with a dreadful Shock,
And bellowing Noiſe, the Mountains reel, and rock;
Great *Atlas*, whoſe high Top thick Darkneſs ſhrouds,
And *Teneriff*, a League above the Clouds,
Th' unbounded *Alps*, That endleſs Chain of Hills,
*Alps* pil'd on *Alps*, ſpoil'd of their living Rills
Dry'd up, and ſtrip'd of their eternal Snow,
Roll rattling Fragments to their Feet below,
Immeaſurable Loads of maſſy Stone;
Nod their ſtiff Heads, and in Convulſions groan.
Flames wreath'd with Smoke from burſt Volcanos riſe,
And hurl their melted Bowels to the Skys:
Ev'n in the Ocean, from their loweſt Caves,
They rage, and boil with Fire its bubbling Waves.
Loud roar the Seas; Thro' Nature Terrors ſpread;
And Mortals Hearts o'er all the World with Dread
Sink ſhudd'ring, and appal'd. With hideous Glare,
Till now unſeen, *ſtrange* Lightnings whiz in Air;
Lightnings, which lanc'd thro' cloudleſs Skys ſhall blaze,
And without Thunder terribly amaze.
Thick Meteors, blue, and red, with diſmal Light
Shall trail along, and wound the Gloom of Night;

The

The Pow'rs Celeſtial ſhake, Stars ſhooting fall
Sudden from Heav'n, and ſinge This frighted Ball.
Comets, which thro' th' Infinity of Space
Have, Ages, roam'd, now meeting in one Place
(So God ordains) unite their baleful Streams,
And at each other ſhoot their fiery Gleams.
The Moon withdraws her pale nocturnal Ray;
The Sun, 'twixt Earth and Heav'n, in deep Diſmay,
Hangs like a Lump of Blood, and ſaddens Day.

In Words like Theſe, Himſelf, the Judge to come,
Foretold *Jeruſalem*'s approaching Doom.
But ſo is the divine Prediction caſt;
That in *Jeruſalem*'s, already paſt,
We read the World's, all Nature's future End:
Thus double Senſes Truths ſublimeſt blend.
So Notes in Muſick make with grateful Tone
Harmonious Mixture of Two Sounds in One.
Adorable Obſcurity! yet clear
To Thoſe who ſearch with Judgment, and with Fear,
The Fear of God — In falling Stars He ſings
The falling Pow'rs of Empires, States, and Kings:
" How art Thou fall'n from Heav'n, O *Lucifer*,
" Son of the Morn! Thou once bright Orient Star!

So ſings the Noble Prophet, to foreſhow
The *Babylonian* Tyrant's Pride laid low.
" The Son of Man, in That tremendous Hour,
" Shall Come in Clouds, with Glory, and with Pow'r.
That Coming mark'd his Vengeance on his Foes,
The *Jews*; Thoſe Clouds, his Terrors and their Woes.
Yet was not That his *only* Point in View;
The *World* no leſs is threaten'd, than the *Jew*,
In the ſame Phraſe with diff'rent Meanings fraught;
O Energy Divine! tranſcending mortal Thought!
Thoſe awful Words at length muſt be reſolv'd
Into the World's laſt Fate in them involv'd.
Huge Balls of Fire, like Stars, ſhall drop from Heav'n:
The JUDGE, attended by his glorious Sev'n,
And other numberleſs Angelick Forms,
Shall come with Clouds, in Whirlwinds, and in Storms.
Lo! He appears: As Lightning from the Eaſt
Darted, ſhines inſtantaneous in the Weſt;
Sudden He comes. A Mighty Seraph dread
Deſcends from Heav'n; a Rainbow round his Head;
Pillars of Fire his Feet, his Face a Sun;
Sev'n Thunders, e'er He ſpeaks, his Voice forerun.
This Foot on Sea he fixes, That on Land;
And lifting high to Heav'n his ample Hand,

" By the Eternal God Three-One I ſwear,
" By whoſe omnific *Fiat* all Things are;
" 'Tis paſt; 'Tis finiſh'd; Time ſhall be no more.
" He ceaſes: The ſev'n Thunders, cloſing, roar.
But Oh! That laſt, That glorious, dreadful Scene,
Amazement ev'n of Angels, more of Men,
What Tongue of Man, or Angel can expreſs?
Striving to make it great, we make it leſs.
What we with Truth infallible believe,
No Words can utter, and no Thoughts conceive.
See God upon his Throne in Judgment ſit?
The Univerſe in Flames beneath his Feet?
O Thou, our Judge Supreme (we truſt in Thee)
Grant that with Joy That Glory we may ſee,
Which to deſcribe our utmoſt Strength is faint;
Nor feel thoſe Terrors which we cannot paint.
The op'ning Heav'ns, in ſilent Dead of Night,
Firſt ſhew an undiſtinguiſh'd Maſs of Light;
Which far outſhines the Sun's meridian Rays;
All Human Kind at once upon it gaze,
Aſtoniſh'd, tho' forewarn'd. The Trumpet's Sound
Pierces the inmoſt Solid of the Ground,
And echoes to the Centre. Strait the Earth
Yields up its Dead to This new ſecond Birth:

The Sea too yields up Thoſe from ev'ry Wave,
Who in its Boſom found a liquid Grave.
From ev'ry Part of Earth, and Sea, and Air,
The marſhal'd Atoms orderly repair,
To form the Bodies they at firſt compos'd;
The kindred Souls re-enter. Undiſclos'd
Is the great Myſtery *How* This is wrought;
But Pow'r Divine ſurpaſſes human Thought.
Ask not the *Manner* of This Riſing State:
He ſurely can *reſtore*, who could *create*.
The Saints who ſleep in Chriſt ſhall firſt revive;
They, and the Saints who Then are found alive,
With Children white in ſpotleſs Innocence,
By Guardian Angels ſhall be ſnatch'd from hence,
Eſcape the gen'ral Fire, and never die,
Caught up to meet their Saviour in the Sky!
There ſtand before Him, in bright Order rang'd;
All ſhall not Sleep, but All muſt needs be Chang'd;
Immortal, and Incorruptible made;
The Good for Happineſs, for Pains the Bad.
*Theſe*, ev'n while ſtanding at the Judgment-Seat,
Shall feel the Conflagration's ſcorching Heat;
Shriek in the World's laſt flaming Fun'ral Pyre,
And paſs from Earth's to Hell's tremendous Fire.

All

All now or Ris'n, or Chang'd, the Bad, the Good;
Again the Trumpet ſounds; Well underſtood
By God's bright Hoſt: Who from That Maſs of Light
Firſt indiſtinct, now open to the Sight.
In radiant Files ſtand rank'd their dazling Lines;
Full in their Front the great MESSIAH ſhines:
Yet ſo, that He in part his Glory ſhrouds
With thickeſt Darkneſs, and a Night of Clouds.
Inſufferable Splendor, circling Beams
Dart from his Head, and ſhoot in pointed Streams.
Ineffably Divine, with mingled Grace
Mercy and Juſtice ſtriving in his Face,
Awful He ſits on his Tribunal high;
The *Croſſe* expanded reddens Half the Sky:
That Banner, from the ſilver Staff unfurl'd,
Floats, wav'd by Cherubs, o'er the trembling World.
All Eyes are fix'd on HIM, on HIM alone:
Tho' Thouſand Thouſand Angels round his Throne
Miniſter duteous; and on either Hand
Ten Thouſand times Ten Thouſand near Him ſtand.

And is This He, on *Calvary* who dy'd?
He, who for Milk in *Bethlem*'s Stable cry'd?
Yes, Unbelieving *Jew*; 'Tis He, the Same;
Who dy'd indeed, but from high Heav'n firſt came.

He, who, when Foxes in their Dens could reſt,
And ev'ry Bird of Air enjoy'd its Neſt,
Had Nowhere to repoſe his weary Head;
And, feeding Thouſands, was himſelf unfed.
But tremble Thou; who Nail'd him to the Tree,
Who pierc'd his Hands and Feet — Lo! This is He,
Who, after That curs'd Death, That humble Birth,
" Ariſeth to ſhake terribly the Earth.

Now All in wond'ring Expectation gaze;
All Things diſpos'd to light the laſt great Blaze.
The Juſt, with Hopes exalted to the Height,
Lift up their Heads, and their Redemption wait.
Pale ſtand the Sinners, trembling, and aghaſt,
Fearing the Future, conſcious of the Paſt.
A ſolemn Pauſe, and Silence moſt profound
Enſues. At length th' ethereal Trumpet's Sound
Again the infinite Aſſembly wakes;
And Earth a third time to its Centre ſhakes.
A gen'ral Shout the Saints and Angels raiſe
(Millions of Millions!) to MESSIAH's Praiſe:
" Let God ariſe; and ſcatter'd be his Foes.
The yawning Caves their fuel'd Stores diſcloſe;
Exploded Thunders thro' the Welkin roll,
And forky Light'nings flaſh from Pole to Pole;

Pillars

Pillars of ruddy Smoke obſcure the Sun;
And now the Wreck of Nature is begun.
The hideous Burſt of Cannon heard ſo far,
And all the loud-mouth'd Engin'ry of War,
When fierce *Bellona* ſwells her brazen Voice,
Is deepeſt Silence to This dreadful Noiſe.
Diſgorging Sheets of Flame, and molten Ore,
Ten Thouſand *Ætna*'s, and *Veſuvio*'s roar.
Huge Globes of Fire drop piecemeal from the Skies,
And meet the Fires which from Volcanos riſe,
The blazing Deluge hiſſes in the Floods,
Pours o'er the Plains, and thunders thro' the Woods.
Woods of immenſe Extent, of tall, tough Oke,
Which nor of Time, nor Light'ning, fear'd the Stroke,
Solid, as if they never could decay,
Burnt like dry Shrubs, or Stubble, ſhrink away:
Leſs ſudden diſappears a Field of Corn,
When by the Wind the flying Flames are born.
Th' exhauſted Rivers vaniſh with the Heat;
*Volga*, and *Indus*, and *Danubius*, great,
*Ganges*, *Euphrates*, *Nile*, deep, rapid, ſtrong,
Which rather Seas, than Rivers, roll along,
So many Ages fam'd, their Country's Boaſt,
Abſorp't, devour'd, are in a Moment loſt.

An *Univerſal Earthquake* rocks the Ball;
And Towns, and Cities in one Ruin fall.
Why name I Theſe, the trifling Works of Art,
And human Labour? See the Earth diſpart
Its riven Jaws: What Terror to behold
Metallick Torrents in red Billows roll'd?
Myriads of Sulph'rous Mines together ſprung,
And to the Stars vaſt rocky Fragments ſlung?
Vaſt Rocks, which could the Weight of Citys bear,
Like ſpongy Pumice-Cinders, twirl'd in Air?
The Ocean, whether Continents, or Iſles
It waſhes, like a burning Cauldron boils:
Ev'n the great Deep, of Waters almoſt dry'd,
With Streams of liquid Metals is ſupply'd:
In the mid Sea thoſe livid Surges roar;
And falling Mountains rattle from the Shore.

Amidſt This wild Combuſtion, and the Cruſh
Of lab'ring Nature; while to Ruin ruſh
The warring Elements; All now prepar'd,
Once more the Trumpet's Clangor ſhrill is heard:
The Summons ſounds; "To Judgment All; Appear,
"Ye Sons of Men; your final Sentence hear!
The Books are open'd; Rang'd on either hand,
Th' Accuſing, and Defending Angels ſtand:

Thoſe

Thoſe, fall'n, Apoſtate Angels, Fiends of Night —
Theſe, Sons of pureſt, and ethereal Light,
Benevolent to Man, would plead his Cauſe:
But ſtill from Thee, from Thee his Hope He draws,
Great SAVIOUR: Do not Now Thy Mercy grudge;
Be Thou our ADVOCATE, as well as JUDGE;
Or Oh! we periſh — Yet not Judge alone
Is He, tho' Chief: Aſſeſſors of his Throne,
Beſide him, and behind, and at his Feet,
The Noble Army of the Martyrs ſit;
Patriarchs, Apoſtles, Prophets; all That Hoſt,
Who for their Saviour did, and ſuffer'd moſt,
Now with Himſelf (oh! how great Honour!) join'd
Sit on inferior Thrones, and judge Mankind.
The Reſt, in Virtue far beneath them, come
To take their Trial, and receive their Doom:
Of Such, as Repreſentative of All,
Imagine One, obedient to the Call,
Anſwering for Himſelf: Awhile He ſtands
Silent, and lifts to Heav'n his ſuppliant Hands;
Then bows before the Throne with bended Knees,
And renders his Account in Words like Theſe.

Thy Servant, Lord, e'er he prefers his *Plea*,
Urges Thy gracious *Pardon*. If from Thee

I have no Hope, in Judgment I am Caſt:
To be but *Object* of Thy *Pardon* paſs'd,
Is all the *Merit* I preſume to plead.
By Paſſions, and Infirmities miſled,
Oft I offended thro' Surprize, or Fear;
Nay ſometimes Wilful did my Crimes appear,
Yet of Malicious Sinning always clear.
Oft did my Soul receive a Blot, and Stain;
Seduc'd to Guilt by Pleaſure, and by Pain.
Sore by the Fleſh beſet, I greatly fail'd:
And yet, I truſt, the Spirit chief prevail'd.
In Thoughts, in Words, in Deeds, I did offend;
But 'tis my Hope, REPENTANCE interven'd
'Twixt Me, and Juſtice; bleſt REPENTANCE, crown'd
With REFORMATION, which maintain'd its Ground.
The *Talents*, to my Lot by Thee aſſign'd,
Of Nature, Fortune, Body, Grace, and Mind,
I have improv'd Induſtrious; to my Truſt
Faithful, and acting like a Steward juſt:
Improv'd them (as it was thy Will I ſhou'd)
To Thy own Glory, and my Brethren's Good.
Zeal for Thy Honour did my Soul inflame,
Zeal for Thy Church, Thy Sabbath, and Thy Name.

Yet not a Zeal fierce, rapid, or unrul'd;
But check'd by Prudence, and with Reaſon cool'd.
From Sacrilegious Rapine I was free,
And in thy Prieſts, and Servants, rob'd not Thee.
Thy Prieſts, as Thy bleſs'd Work They did partake,
I lov'd, and reverenc'd, for their Labour's ſake.
Religious Schiſms with Tears I did lament,
And Factions, which Thy myſtick Body rent.
With holy Fear I read Thy ſacred Word;
And where I could not underſtand, ador'd:
To Faith made Reaſon bow, with pious Awe;
And Night and Day enjoy'd Thy heav'nly Law.
Sweeter than Honey was it to my Taſte;
Delicious, exquiſite, divine Repaſt.
Thy Book of Nature too both Day and Night
I read, and ſtudy'd with ſincere Delight:
Thy Wonders of Creation! — How they raiſe
Our Admiration, and tranſcend our Praiſe!
What Love, what Rev'rence muſt Thy Works inſpire,
E'vn Now, tho' burning in This dreadful Fire!
Redemption! — Providence! — But 'tis too long —
And interrupted ſtops my fault'ring Tongue.
Thy Houſe I ſtill frequented; on the Bread
Of Life devoutly at Thy Altar fed;

(That

(That heav'nly Manna! more than Angels' Food!)
And, while I drank Thy Sacramental Blood,
Bewail'd Thoſe Sins, which Thy bleſt Temples dy'd,
And drew the precious Torrent from Thy Side.
In Publick, and in Privacy, Thy Aid
I ever beg'd, and without ceaſing Pray'd.
By Charity's celeſtial Guidance led,
I cloath'd the Naked, and the Hungry fed:
Unmov'd I never heard the Wretched groan;
To Many liberal, unjuſt to None.
Provok'd by Malice, Fraud, Ingratitude,
Receiving Evil in return for Good,
I lov'd my worſt of Foes; and ev'n Now crave
To be forgiv'n, as I myſelf forgave.
My Tongue, as with a Bridle, I reſtrain'd;
And ſtudious from all evil Words refrain'd:
Would never aught profane, or leud have writ,
For all the Fame that e'er was gain'd by Wit.
I ſcorn'd Ambition, lov'd obſcure Retreat;
And never would be Little, to be Great.
That ſhining Dirt call'd Gold I ſtill deſpis'd,
By Others hoarded, and ſo highly priz'd:
By ſordid Avarice was ne'er enſlav'd;
And thought not Wealth was was giv'n us, to be *ſav'd*.

To

To ſave my Soul, not Money, was my Care:
Yet of Profuſion's Guilt no leſs aware,
I ſtor'd for Thoſe, whom God, and Nature made
Dependant on my Providence, and Aid.
If Paſſions did my mortal Frame diſturb;
Yet Reaſon check'd them with reſtraining Curb.
Thy Gifts with cheerful Temperance I us'd,
Not to Exceſs, or Luxury abus'd:
Did from unlawful Pleaſures wholly ſwerve,
And ev'n of lawful taſted with Reſerve.
Tho' ſtrongly tempted by ſoft Beauty's Charms,
I never touch'd a Proſtitute's foul Arms;
But us'd my Body as the Temple pure
Of Him who no Pollution can endure:
Reflecting that Temptations gave the Price
To Vertue, as they never cancel'd Vice.
In lowly, humble Thoughts I liv'd, and dy'd;
Wond'ring what wretched *Man* could mean by *Pride.*
Whate'er in Me was Good was Thine alone;
My Sins, and Follies only were my own.
Thus, Lord, Thy Servant (This is the Amount)
Of his paſt Actions renders the Account;
Vile in the Worſt, Defective in the Beſt:
But let Thy Blood, and Merits plead the reſt.

He ceaſes, bowing low. MESSIAH ſmiles,
Gracious: The Ocean, hush'd, in ſilence boils:
The Mountains intermit their roaring Noiſe,
And liſten to their Great Creator's Voice:
Thro' all the Globe the fierce devouring Fires
Soften their Rage, and bend their humbled Spires;
Earth, Air, and Sea, their univerſal Wrecks
Suſpend; while Thus th' Incarnate Godhead ſpeaks.
" Well done, Thou Good, and Faithful Servant; Well
Thou haſt thyſelf acquitted: Come, and dwell
With Me, in Happineſs without Alloy;
" Enter into thy Lord's eternal Joy.
From Me (with Comfort view thy Judges Face)
Where Juſtice *muſt* not, Mercy *will* take place.
Come All, whoſe Vertue, like His, ſtedfaſt found,
And to the laſt enduring, kept its Ground.
" Receive, Ye Bleſſed, Your adjudg'd Rewar
" Receive the Kingdom long for You prepar'd,
" Ev'n when the World's Foundations firſt were laid
By Me, who Now deſtroy what Then I made.
Theſe are my Sheep, ſelect on my Right hand:
For Thoſe who on my Left ſecluded ſtand,
Like ſever'd Goats; the Luſtful, the Unjuſt,
The Covetous, th' Unfaithful to their Truſt;

Th' Unmerciful, the Perjur'd, the Prophane,
The Hypocrites, whoſe Godlineſs was Gain;
Thoſe who Lies lov'd and made, and Lies believ'd,
Deceiving Others, and Themſelves deceiv'd:
Th' Intemperate, th' Outrageous, Fierce, and Proud:
Nor Theſe alone, whoſe Crimes to Heav'n cry'd loud;
But lower Sinners, Thoſe, whoſe Vices, laid
In Ballance, their ſmall Vertue far outweigh'd;
The Lukewarm, Tim'rous, Cowards in God's Cauſe;
The partial, ſlight Obſervers of his Laws;
The Indevout, the Lax, the Negligent,
Who Time's rich Talent in vain Trifles ſpent;
Thoſe who ſome Vices, but not all, forbore,
Lov'd God a little, but the World much more:
All Theſe, ſince dead in Treſpaſſes they dy'd,
Heav'n's Wrath, and righteous Vengeance muſt abide.
All know th' *Excuſes* they would plead, to ſcreen
Their Guilts: But how fallacious, weak, and thin?
*Temptations* preſs'd them — Had it not been ſo;
What *Vertue* could they have propos'd to ſhow?
Eternal Bliſs were ſure too cheaply bought;
If gain'd for Doing, and for Suff'ring *Nought*;
Were Puniſhment to *ſuch Sins* only due,
As *vicious* Human Nature *rarely* knew:

The Poor's Profuſeneſs, th' Unprovok'd man's Rage,
The Avarice of Youth, the Luſt of Age:
Tho' to the World ev'n Theſe were not unknown;
And what can for a Guilt like This attone?
When by *Infirmities* they were betray'd;
Was not *my Strength* ſufficient for their Aid?
But did they not reject my proffer'd Grace,
And hurl my Gifts into the Giver's Face?
Did not That faithful Witneſs in each Breaſt,
CONSCIENCE, againſt their wicked Lives proteſt;
And warn them that, however they *excus'd*
Their Crimes, they *wilfully* Themſelves abus'd?
*Infinite* is, They ſaid, *God's Mercy*: True;
But *infinite* is not his *Juſtice* too?
Mercy, tho' *infinite*, cannot be ſhown
To Sinners, who are capable of None,]
Th' *Impenitent*. — But why did God *make* Thoſe
Who, He *foreknew*, muſt ſuffer *endleſs Woes*?
And why would'ſt Thou attempt, preſumptuous Man,
To graſp *Infinity* with Thy ſhort Span?
Tho' This *Thou* canſt not *comprehend*; GOD can.
To be for ever Happy, He made *All*:
But needs muſt make them *free* to ſtand, or fall.

Elſe,

Elſe, where were *Virtue*, and *Reward*? Some *ſtood*,
But not *neceſſitated* to be *Good*.
Some *fell*; but *free* to *ſtand*; Their Fault their Own;
Whom can they blame then, but Themſelves alone?
However; Who has aught to plead, may ſpeak —
I hear not One the guilty Silence break.
Thus much; that God in Judgment might appear
Moſt Righteous, and of all Injuſtice clear.

But who are They, diſtinguiſh'd from the Reſt?
Scoffers; who turn'd *my Goſpel* into Jeſt:
Who thought, againſt *right Reaſon*'s ſober Rules,
That *Thinking freely* was to *Think like Fools*.
They underſtood not *Myſterys*: Demand
Of Them who liſt, what *did* they underſtand?
Had *Nature* not her Myſterys, unknown
To Them? Why muſt *Religion* then have none?
God's *Revelations* always were Their Scorn:
How will his righteous Judgment now be born,
When God from Heav'n, not Now at leaſt conceal'd,
In flaming Fire, and Vengeance is *reveal'd*?
See how they gnaſh their Teeth, and rend their Hair,
In all the Pangs of Malice, and Deſpair:
*Malice* againſt their *Saviour*, whom they brav'd;
Who would have ſav'd them, would they have been ſav'd.
An Iſle there was in *Europe* (late ſo nam'd)
My Fav'rite once, for pure Religion fam'd:

These, These Apostate Miscreants, in an Age
The most corrupt, against Me belch'd their Rage.
At the same time, t' adore the Temp'ral Pow'rs,
(As if Their Grandeur greater were than Ours)
Industrious They employ'd their utmost Skill:
From the same venal prostituted Quill
The Atheism, and the Panegyrick stream'd:
The GREAT MEN *flatter'd*, the GREAT GOD *blasphem'd*.
By These, had I again came down from Heav'n,
And Pow'r, like *Pilate*'s, had to Them been giv'n,
I had again with Shame, and Tortures dy'd;
Again been Spit on, Scourg'd, and Crucify'd.
A moral, vertuous Heathen, born, and bred
In unsought Ignorance, has much to plead;
May hope for some Reward, tho' None is due,
And bless my Merits, which He never knew:
But a Baptiz'd, a Christian Infidel! —
Where can He have his Portion, but in Hell?
Ye Wicked All, Your Sentence now attend;
Who sin'd on, Unrepentant to the End.
'Tis pass'd: You have outstood the Day of Grace;
Where Mercy *cannot*, Justice *must* take place.
"Depart, Ye Curs'd, into endless Fire;
"To Sulph'rous Flames which never shall expire:
"Go; find in Hell, for Them, and You prepar'd,
"With *Satan*, and his Crew, your just Reward.

Be This the Doom of All who dy'd in Vice
But Thoſe, my more *Emphatic* Enemys,
Who againſt *Mine* did *Satan's* Cauſe *maintain*,
"And would not I their King ſhould o'er them reign,
Muſt be preferr'd before the Reſt: Let Thoſe
Who with *cool, reaſ'ning* Malice were my Foes,
Obdur'd Apoſtates, in Hell's *deepeſt Pit*
Enjoy their fam'd Philoſophy, and Wit;
There feel His Vengeance, to confound their Pride,
Whoſe *Godhead*, and whoſe *Goſpel* they deny'd.

Th' Aſſeſſors, to his Voice aſſenting, riſe:
Unnumber'd Hallelujahs ſhake the Skys:
Hoſannahs infinite, the Heav'n's around,
Like many Waters, and loud Thund'rings, ſound.
"Great, marvellous, are all thy Works of Praiſe;
"And juſt, and true, O King of Saints, Thy Ways.
Thy Glory (All Thy Sentence muſt approve)
Triumphs in Hell below, in Heavn above;
And ſhines no leſs in Vengeance, than in Love.

Think Thou, who ſhalt peruſe This ſerious Verſe,
What Arrows at That Hour, thy Soul ſhall pierce,
If guilty it be found: And Oh! take care
Thy ſelf for That Tribunal to prepare.
Nor be too certain, that the Time unknown
Is many Ages diſtant from our own.

Whoe'er

Whoe'er obſerves the little Faith on Earth,
Would think the wondrous Period near its Birth.
Ourſelves perhaps, not fated to expire,
May in Theſe Bodies ſee the World on fire;
Hear the laſt Trumpet ſound, commanded meet
The Coming Judge, and tremble at his Feet.
Thy Death, however, (and That ſoon muſt come)
Is in effect to Thee the Day of Doom.
Meditate much on This: for Me too pray,
That I unterrify'd may ſee That Day;
That Both our trueſt Int'reſt may diſcern,
"And, teaching Others, I myſelf may learn."*
'Tis not to Talk, and Preach, and Write, but Live,
That THEN, will ſolid Peace, and Comfort give.
Should One, like *Homer*, *Milton*, *Virgil*, riſe,
To ſet the laſt Great Day before our Eyes;
To make us Chaſte, Sincere, Religious, Juſt,
Yet be Himſelf enthrall'd to Vice, and Luſt;
Periſh would He, tho' Others He might Save:
And, having paſs'd thro' DEATH's ſtrait Gate, the Grave,
See *Them* in higheſt HEAV'N, *Himſelf* in HELL;
And *rue* That JUDGMENT, which He *ſung* ſo well.

* *Silveſter's Dubartas.*

Page. 24. Ver. 512. *dele* the ].